Ye Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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April Day.

'Tis April Day—the earth has long been shrouded
With cloaks of ice and veils of fleecy snow:
And howling storms the fair blue sky have clouded,
And angry winds have travelled to and fro.

'Tis April Day—old Winter's icy fingers
Have been unclasped by gentle Spring once more;
With broken sceptre sadly now he lingers,
Loth to depart for his cold Polar shore.

'Tis April Day—the gentle rain is falling.
From sur-charged cloudlets floating over head;
The modest violet, and the daisy calling
Into the sunlight from their wintry bed.

'Tis April Day—the maple bud is swelling,
And soon must burst its little fairy cup,
Plainly the pleasant story telling,
Of the green leaf so neatly folded up.

'Tis April Day—the bright birds now are filling
Orchard and forest of our happy clime,
With songs so free, and wild, and thrilling,
An earnest of the coming summer-time.

'Tis April Day—and brighter days are coming,
To woo and win us by their magic power;
Around the hive the thrifty bee is humming,
In expectation of the opening flower.

'Tis April Day—forth to the field and garden,
The busy throng of laborers now speed,
The soil to mellow, which the winter's storm did harden,
And thus prepare it for the precious seed.

'Tis April Day—the seed they will be sowing
Beneath the coming morrow's fairer sky,
Shall be in faith and hope—believing, knowing,
A harvest day is coming by-and-by.

The Morning Watch.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

"Do your best,
And leave the rest."

For the Myrtle.

Learning to Swim.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE days being very hot, the Mendall family went to the seaside town where they were to spend the summer, on the sixth of July.

They arrived in the evening, and were not more than settled at their boarding places, when Effie came out onto the piazza, where her father was sitting, and said:

"Papa, I want to learn to swim. Will you go and teach me now?"

"Why. You are in a great hurry Effie. We have not been in sight of the water an hour, and you are ready to jump into it."

"Well, I want to get in, before the boys do.'

"What is your hurry? Do you think there will be less water in the sea after the boys have been in it."

"No sir."

"What then? will it not be as clean as it is now?"

"Yes sir. I don't know but it will be just as clean."

"Well, what then is your hurry?"

"I wan't to learn to swim."

"Oh yes, I remember, that you are going to swim across the Atlantic," said Mr. Mendall laughing. "No sir, I am not expecting to swim very far the first time I try. But I would like to go in before the boys go."

"That is not a good reason for my taking you into the water to-night. I wish to treat all my

children alike. Not giving one more attention than another,"

"But, papa," Effie pleaded. "The boys can swim, and I cannot. They can go in by themselves at any time."

"That is a better reason for asking me to go in with you, than the other was."

"Well, there is another better reason still."

"What is it?"

"Why, the boys will laugh at me when I am learning to swim. If I don't swim as well as they do, the first time I try, I shall get laughed at. And I think that is a reason why I should be permitted to learn when they are not near, to see me."

"Yes. That is a reason my child. You and I will go into the water without the boys, the first time that you go. But we cannot go to-night."

"Why not?"

"Because the tide is out."

"What difference does that make?"

"Why the water is so shallow near shore, that we cannot have so much pleasure now."

"I could have pleasure any time. But I will wait till morning, if you think best."

"You shall have a ducking to-morrow, if all goes well."

Effie slept that night with this promise ringing in her ears.

She dreamed of the water, and was ready as soon as the day dawned, to go into it.

Springing out of bed, when the first ray of light peeped into her window, she appeared in her mother's bedroom, before either of her parents had opened their eyes.

"What does my little girl wish?" said Mrs. Mendall opening her eyes with astonishment at seeing the child so early in the morning.

"I want to know if papa will get up, and take me into the water, before the boys are up."

"Oh you foolish child. You neither sleep, nor permit any one else to do so, because you are so anxious to outdo the boys."

Mr. Mendall was wakened by the sound of voices, and learning what it was that had brought Effie out of bed so early, he sprang up saying:

"Why yes, certainly I will go, if you wish to go so very much."

And so the first swimming lesson was accomplished.

Effie enjoyed it very very much, and her father was surprised to see how readily she learned to manage herself in the water.

They did not remain in the sea very long, and Effie said when they were coming up out of the water.

"Father. Please don't tell the boys that we have been in swimming this morning.

"Why not?"

"Because I would like to keep it a secret until I have been in a few times. When I have learned to swim as well as they do, I will surprise them sometime by going into the water to them unexpectedly."

Mr. Mendall was willing to keep Effie's secret, and so, for three successive mornings, the swimming party went out before any one else was astir in the house.

Mrs. Mendall helped to keep the secret, and Effie felt very important with her newly acquired knowledge.

Timmy said to her, the second day after their arrival at the sea.

"I thought you was going to beat me swimming. It seems to me tha you got over your fidget very suddenly.

"I'm not over it."

"Why don't you come, and swim then?"

"Don't hurry me. I shall come when I get ready," said Effie.

"One would have thought you would have been ready long ago, to have heard the way you bragged before we came here. I guess the sight of the water scares you. We have been here now two days, and you haven't said a word about going in."

"You let me alone. I shall swim with you when I get ready, I tell you."

Timmy laughed a scornful little laugh as much as to say,

"I think I see you swimming with me"

Three days later, when the boys were in the water, they were surprised by Effie appearing on the shore accompanied by her father and mother.

She was dressed in a neat little bathing-suit, and looked as if she were just ready for her first swimming lesson.

"Now Sammy, we'll have some fun," said Timmy.

Effie is coming into the water for the first time, and we shall see now how awkward she will be."

"Well, Madame," said Timmy, "You have concluded, at last, to learn to swim, have you?"

"Yes," said Effie.

"Well, don't make such a splash, as to drive

all the water out of the sea, the first time you jump in," said Sammy.

"No, that would be a pity," said Timmy. "Because it would leave Sammy and I high and dry like floundered whales.',

Effie made no reply to this jeering. She looked at her father and smiled, and the boys saw the look, and they smiled too. Not because Effie had smiled, but because they felt so sure of having rare sport, when they once were beside her in the water,

"From which point of the shore are you intending to make your plunge?" said Timmy.

"Will you take me out to that big rock yonder, in the water?" said Effie to her father

"Yes dear, if you would rather start from there than from the shore."

Mr. Mendell took hold of Effie's hands and walked with her down into the water.

The boys swam up to where they were, and followed them with interest out to the rock.

When the water grew too deep for Mr. Mendall to walk, he swam with one hand, and his feet; drawing Effie after him with the other hand.

She floated easily, and to the surprise of her brothers, said nothing about fear. When they came to the rock, Effie climbed onto it, and stood up. Timmy said tauntingly:

"Oh! you are going to swim on that rock are you? I don't know but I could do as much as that."

Effie was much vexed by her brother's manner toward her, but she did not let him know that he had vexed her. She said calmly,

"I would like to try and see who can get to mother first."

As soon as these words had passed her lips Effie sprang into the water, and swam away toward the shore.

The boys were so surprised, that it took several seconds for them to realize what was going on.

Sammy was the first to take it in, and he said:

"I say Tim, swim for your life, or she'll beat us."

No more words were needed. The boys stretched away with their best endeavors for the shore But Effie had already the start of them, and without seeming to try very hard, she was in at her mother's feet before the boys arrived.

"It wasn't fair," said Timmy.

"Beaten by strategy," said Mr. Mendall." You see wife, how like grown folks these children are. A woman would have done the same thing. We must try this race over, with even chances," he continued.

So the children were taken out to the rock again and started at the same instant. But to the surprise of all, Effie arrived at the shore again before the boys.

"It's all because it is such a little distance" said, Timmy." We could beat her in a long race. If ever we try to swim across the Atlantic, you'll see we boys will beat."

Are boys any like men in their sayings and doings?" *E. M.B.*

"Mother Goose" as a "Crusader."

ROCK-A-BY-BABY as high as the moon,
Father has gone to the whiskey-saloon;
Mother is trying to mend ragged clothes,
Thankful for even worn-out ones like those.

Pat-a-cake, pat.a-cake, poor little man,
Father is drinking as hard as he can;
Hungry and shivering, mother must try
Somewhere for money, or baby will die.

Trot, trot to Boston on a white horse;
When father comes home, he'll be drunken and cross.
Mother will take little baby and go
Seeking for work through the rain and the snow.

Little boy blue, blow its poor nose,
Mother's old shoes are all out at the toes;
How can she keep soul and body together,
Working alone in all sorts of weather?

Rock-a-by-baby on the tree top,
How I ha.e whiskey, even a drop,
Most of earth's misery, every one knows,
Comes when the trade men can't or won't close.

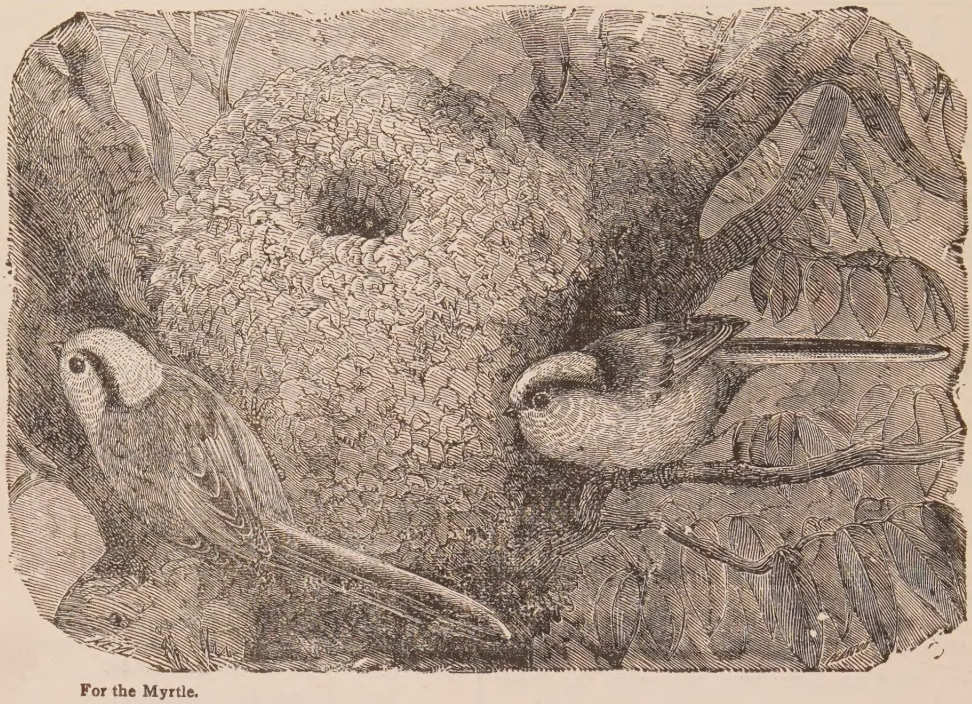
—*Temperance Banner.*

A Hard Sum.

Are you good at arithmetic? I will give you some losses to add up, and calculate how much they come to. It is a good sum for all, young and old. The following are the losses, and they are all made from strong drink:

Loss of money.
Loss of time.
Loss of health.
Loss of business.
Loss of character.
Loss of friends.
Loss of good conscience.
Loss of mind.
Loss of life.

We do not know the author of the above hard sum.



For the Myrtle.

Which Bird would you Rather be.

ONE day to little Mabel Grey
A winged fairy came,
And said: I've thought mayhap
You'd like to change your name

And form, and be a bird
And rise, and soar, and sing
Into the far blue, summer sky
A bright unfettered thing.

"In nothing could I more delight,"
Said little Mabel Grey,
"And for this change, I long ago
Have learned to watch and pray."

"Then tell me" said the fairy bright,
"Which bird seems best to you,
The dull grey wren, the robin red,
Or jays, so brightly blue?

Whichever of the birds may be
That you shall think the best,
That one, you shall be changed into
At my supreme behest."

"I'll think of it," said Mabel Grey,
"I'll think right earnestly,
I cannot in a moment think
What bird 'twere best to be."

"Then I will come again to you,"
Said little fairy bright,
"And get your word of willingness
Before tomorrow night."

She vanished, and sweet Mabel Grey
Sat down to think alone
And to herself she said "how sweet
To wish, and have it done,
I can be changed into a bird
Before the setting sun.

But now the question comes again
What bird 'twere best to be,
The blue jays are so beautiful,
The sky-larks are so free,

The robin is a joyous bird,
So full of healthy cheer
I'd love to sing his welcome note
At spring tide of the year.

I'd love to be a humming bird,
And sip the clover cup.
Or touch the lips of lily bell,
And her sweet dews drink up.

I'd love to be a titmouse too,
And build a wonderous nest,
I am not sure, but her fine wit
Were better than the rest.

And yet —" here Mabel paused
And looked across the street,
Where skipped a troop of children bright
On happy willing feet;

The girls were dressed in fleecy white
The boys in sailor blue,
And Mabel saw the lovely grace
In all their motions through.

And to herself she said again,
"What beauty can compare
With these sweet children's loveliness?
What grace is half so rare?

I do not know a single bird,
Of all the feathered race,
That I would dare be changed into
And hope for added grace.

The fairy need not come to me
With offerings of skill,
I'd rather be what God has made,
And keep His holy will.

So soar and sing you darling birds
As fair as you can be,
And I will keep my covenant
With Him who fashioned me.

E. M. B.

——ooo——

How Allen Punished Allen.

"Allen! Where is Allen?"

A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling dirt to the currant bushes. I cannot tell how many cart-tuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allen is gone. Where is his cart?

"Allen! Allen!"

"I'se here" at last said a small voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allen did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner, with a pretty sober look on.

"Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "it is waiting for another run."

"I'se not been here long 'nuff," said Allen

"What are you here for?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants and they went into my mouth," said Allen.

"Oh! when mother told you not to? Green currants will make my little boy sick," said mother, in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allen; "I punish my own self."

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and, you see, he took the same way himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allen.

"I sorry; but sorry is not 'nuff. I punish me. I stay here a good while and have thinks."—*Sel.*

For the Myrtle.

A Lady of Cashmere.

How do you like the looks of this fair lady my dear little friends of the MYRTLE?"

"I do not like her looks very much," says John. "She has too tall a hat to suit me."

'I should think more of her" says Mary, if she did not look so fussy, with all those beads round her neck."

"She might wear smaller sleeves if she tried," says Jane.

"I wonder when she combed her hair last," wonders Susan.

"I never could like a woman who went barefoot" says our little young, old bachelor Stephen.

"They must be poverty stricken if they have no chairs where she lives. She seems to be sitting on a pillow," says Ellen.

And Rosa, our dear little three years old darling, when we ask her what she sees in the picture, says with her pretty broken words, "Me sees a 'oman, and she smiles at me."

Rosa is the wisest of all our little group of friends. Others of us see positions, and adornments, and defects. Rosa sees the love-light that looks out of the woman's eyes. To her dear hungry heart, this is not a foreign, strange woman, living away in the far off valley of Cashmere, whose dress and habit and manner of life all make her seem distant and unknown. She only sees at a glance, that it is a woman, a loving tender woman, who smiles upon her, and makes her heart glad.

Can we not all learn a lesson from loving little Rosa? When our neighbor, or friend, or a stranger, is not dressed just to our liking, when their manners differ a little, and perhaps unpleasantly from ours, can we not look into their eyes, and get there, the beauty which shall make us love them, and forget all outward defects or strangeness? *E. M. B.*

Don't Give up, but Try.

A gentleman travelling in the northern part of Ireland heard the voices of children, and stopped to listen.

Finding the sound came from a small building used as a school house, he went in, and listened to the words the boys were spelling.

One little boy stood apart, looking very sad.

"Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he's good for nothing!" replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough, that the younger and more timid were nearly crushed. After a few words to them, placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood apart, he said:

"One of these days you may be a fine scholar; don't give up; try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused. His sleeping mind awoke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became anxious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible; a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.

The secret of his success is worth knowing: "Don't give up; but try, my boy."

—*Guiding Star.*

They Didn't Think.

ONCE a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese;
It tickled so a little mouse
It almost made him sneeze,

An old rat said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other,
"I don't think you know!"

So he walked in boldly—
Nobody in sight;
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite,

Closed the trap together
Snapped, as quick as wink,
Catching "mousey" fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,
Fond of her own way,
Wouldn't ask the old ones
Where to go or stay.

She said, "I'm not a baby;
Here I am half-grown;
Surely I am big enough
To run about alone!"

Off she went, but Mister Fox,
Hiding saw her pass;
Soon, like snow, her feathers
Covered all the grass.

So she was a supper
Ere the sun did sink,
'Cause she was so headstrong
That she wouldn't think!

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.

"O, no!" said the mother,
"You must stay here with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said robin,
And gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything.',

Down he flew, and Kitty seized him
'Fore he'd time to blink;
"O!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think!"

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of thinking wrong?

And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?

Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows.

But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink;
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

The Pilgrim's Wants.

A RECITATION FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERTS.

These verses may be recited by two classes, a class of girls giving the poetry, and a class of boys the Scripture references, or the poetry may be given as a single recitation by some larger girl, and the references by a class in concert. At the close, sing some appropriate hymn.

"I want that adorning Divine,
Thou only, my God, canst bestow:
I want in those beautiful garments to shine,
Which distinguish thy household below,
Col. ii. 12, 17.

"I want every moment to feel
That thy Spirit resides in my heart,
That hty power is ready to cleanse and to heal,
And newness of life to impart.
Rom. viii. 11, 16.

"I want, oh! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee!
That longed for resemblance once more to regain,
Thy comeliness put upon me.
I John iii. 2. 3.

"I want to be marked for thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that 'new name on the mystic white stone,
Which none but thyself can declare.
Rev. ii. 17

"I want so in thee to abide
As to bring forth some fruit to thy praise!
The branch which thou prunest, tho' feeble and dried
May languish but never decays.
John xv. 2, 5.

"I want thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things—
Too tenderly cherished, too closely entwined,
When my heart too tenaciously clings.
I John ii. 15

"I want by my aspect serene,
My actions and words, to declare—
That my treasure is placed in a country unseen,
That my heart's best affections are there.
Matt. vi. 19, 21.

"I want, as a traveler, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause in my way—
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance, to waste
On the tent only pitched for a day.
Heb. xiii. 5. 6.

"I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify thee till I die,
Then calmly to yield up my soul to thy care,
And breathe out in faith my last sigh"
Phil. iii. 8, 9.

Little Star.

Shining.

TO BE SPOKEN BY A LITTLE CHILD.

Jesus bids us shine,
With a pure, clear light;
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine
First of all for him;
Well he sees and knows it
If our light grows dim
He looks down from Heaven
To see us shine—
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine.
Upon all around:
Many kinds of darkness
In the world abound.
Sin, and want, and sorrow,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Sel.

One Deed of Good.

If I might do one deed of good,
One little deed before I die,
Or think one noble thought that should
Hereafter not forgotten lie,
I would not murmur, though I must
Be lost in death's unnumbered dust.

The filmy wing that wafts the seed
Upon the careless wind to earth,
Of its short life has only meed
To find the germ fit place for birth;
For one swift moment of delight
It whirls, then withers out of sight.

Not Far.

Is it far off, the land of glory,
Whose faint, dim gleams
Glimpse through the haze of ancient story
And of our dreams?

Not far! Only between a curtain,
Thinner than air:
Its parting at an hour uncertain,
And we are there!

So let us onward press, unsleeping,
At God's behest,
This is our day of toiling, weeping:
At eve we rest.

Chicago Times.

Sunday Scool Concert Piece.

Rev. G. L. Demarest has written a Temperance Concert Exercise, which will be printed in the *Sunday School Helper* for April. This will satisfy a demand that has long been felt by our schools for such an exercise.

PSALMS xlvi. 1.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

"When you agreed last Sunday, Jimmy that you could love the unseen God, did you think of all that this promise to love Him involves."

"I do not know whether I did or not. If you will please tell me what you mean by that word involves, I shall be more likely to answer your question after I understand it.

"I mean to ask you, if you thought of all that is means when we promise to love God."

"I am not sure," said Jimmy.

"Well, let us try ourselves a little, and see how far we can truly be said to love God. Do you love God when you are in trouble?"

"Was it about trusting God in trouble that the minister preached to-day at church, Andrew?"

"Yes Jimmy, he showed us very plainly that this was one of the best proofs of our real feeling toward God. If we wish to go to Him in trouble, we may be pretty sure that we love Him."

"But I don't know how to go to Him Andrew, when I am in trouble."

"Who do you go to Jimmy?"

"I go to mother."

"I did not need to be told that, for it is not many hours since I heard a little crying boy running through all the halls, and up and down the staircases calling 'mother, mother.'"

"Well I was hurt, Andrew. You would want to find mother as much as I did, if you had cut your finger as badly as mine was cut."

"Why did you run to find mother, Jimmy? Let us see if we cannot learn something by seeking to know this.

The finger was cut and mother could not make it well. You must wait a number of days until nature has had time to do the healing. All the mothers in the world could not make you well, until you have waited through the slow process of time's cure."

"I know that Andrew. I did not suppose that mother would make my finger well in a minute."

"Then why did you run to her?"

"I wanted mother to pity me."

"But pity would not take away the pain. And if pity was all that you wanted, Bridget, who was at your elbow in the kitchen when the accident happened, could have given you pity."

"It wasn't Bridget's pity that I wanted."

"Why not?"

"Because she doesn't love me enough."

"Why didn't you come to me then Jimmy? I love you."

Jimmy was thoughtful for a moment, and then he said slowly: "I'd rather have mother when I'm in trouble."

"Can't you tell why?"

"It's because she is mother. I don't know another reason."

"You have found the very secret now for which we are seeking. Mothers love as no one else loves, and because of this great love mothers pity as no other friend pities. I mean as no other earthly friend. We go to them because we are sure of sympathy, and help, and now comes the lesson which the sermon of the morning gave.

"God is a friend, better and more sufficient for all our needs than any earthly friend. He loves us more than any one on earth loves us, and He, having all power, can do for us, after every earthly help is exhausted. You will have more serious trouble by and by, my dear little brother, than the cutting of your finger was to-day."

"Why can't I go to mother with them?"

"You can, if she is living. But you must remember mothers die, God never dies. If you trust in Him you will be sure of a living friend—a loving friend—an all sufficient friend. He can make your body well when it is sick. He can make your mind well when it is troubled, and your soul when it sins.

"But how can I find God when I want Him, Andrew?"

"Exactly as you found mother Jimmy. You went seeking her when you wanted her, and did not give over seeking until you found her. The Bible says that God is not far from any one of us. He is more willing to bless us than we are to receive the blessing, and my dear little brother will find, all the way through his life, that 'God is our refuge and sttength, a very present help in trouble.' Remember this sermon Jimmy, and it will help you in many a time of heart-ache."

Riddle.

There's not a creature lives beneath the sky
Can secrets keep so faithfully as I;
All things for safety are to me consigned
Although I often leave them far behind;
I never act but by another's will,
And what he should command I must fulfil.

Enigma.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 8, 4, 10, 10, 12, 13, is a vegetable;
My 6, 3, 9, is a girl's name;
My 5, 11, 7, is a nickname;
My 1, 2, 5, 13, means honest;
My whole is the name of a traitor. *R. C. F.*

Answer to Riddle.

April 3. Letter O.

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